Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land[5],
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more, and less[6], do flock to follow him.

NORTH. I knew of this before; but to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

London. A Street.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.

L. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water[7]?

5 Tells them, he doth BESTRIDE a bleeding land,] That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. So Falstaff before says to the Prince, "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so: it is an office of friendship." JOHNSON.

6 And MORE, and LESS,] *More* and *less* mean *greater* and *less*. So, in Macbeth:

"Both *more* and *less* have given him the revolt."

STEEVENS.

7 —what says the doctor to my WATER?] The method of